

THE DOOM TRAIL

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

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WNU Service

CHAPTER I

The Fray in Mincing Lane

"Watch! Ho, watch!" The words rang through the misty darkness of the narrow street. I gathered my cloak around me and skulked closer to the nearest house-wall. Could it be possible the Bow Street runners had picked up my trail again?

And a new worry assailed me. Did the cry come from in front or behind? The fog that mantled London, and which so far had stood my friend, now served to muffle the source of this sudden alarm. Which way should I turn?

"Watch! Curse the sleepy varieties!" The houses past which I had been feeling my way came to an end. An alley branched off to the right and from its entrance echoed the click of steel—music after my own heart. The blood coursed faster in my veins. No, this could be no trap such as had awaited me ever since I had stepped from the smuggler's small boat. Here was sword-play, a welcome change from the plotting and intrigue which had sickened me.

I cast my cloak back over my shoulder and drew my sword from its sheath, as I ran over the uneven cobbles which paved the alley. Dimly I saw before me a confused huddle of figures that tumbled and stamped about in the ghostly milk of the fog.

"Hold, friend," I shouted. "Make haste," panted a voice from the middle of the group.

One man against a gang of assassins! So that was the story. It favored more of Paris than of the staid London of merchants and shopkeepers over which the Hanoverian exercised his stolid sway.

But I had scant time for philosophy. They were on me in an instant, one assailant in front, an assassin on either hand, slashing with hangers and cut-throats that knew no tricks of fence, but only downright force. Their former prey was left with one to handle.

"Get to his rear, one of you fools," snarled the ruffian in command whilst he pounded at my guard.

But I backed into a handy doorway and barely managed to fend them off. And all the while the real object of their attack continued his appeals for the watch.

'Twas this which spoiled the fray for me. I could not but wonder, as I dodged and parried and thrust, what would happen if his cries should be heard and the watch appear. Would they know me? Or perchance should I have the opportunity to slip quietly away?

I stole a glance about me. Several windows had gone up along the street and nightcaped heads protruded to add their clamor to that of my friend. Surely—Aye, they had done it. The ruffian on my left leaped back with ear astart toward the alley entrance.

"Quick, bullies," he yelled. "'Tis the watch!"

With a celerity that was almost uncanny they disengaged their blades and melted into the fog. Their foot-falls dwindled around the corner as I detected the clumping footfalls of the approaching guardians of London's peace.

This brought me to my senses. I sheathed my sword and ran across the roadway, glancing to right and left for the best route of escape. But I reckoned without the other participant in our brawl.

"Be at ease, my master," he said in a voice which had a good thick Dorset burr in it—I liked him from that moment. I sounded so homelike; I could fairly see the rolling fields, the water meadows, the copses, all the scenes that had meant so much to me in boyhood, even the sprawling roofs and chimney stacks of Foxcroft house itself. "Tis only the watch you hear. Hark to the jingling of their staves."

"I know that full well, my friend," I answered him, gooselish rising on my neck as the jingling staves and clumping feet drew nearer. "But I happen to have pressing reasons for avoiding the watch."

My friend pursed his lips in a low whistle.

"So, sets the wind in that quarter! Yet you came fast enough to my help against those cut-purses a moment back."

I laughed. The watch were all but in the alley's mouth. 'Twas idle to think of running now.

"Oh, I am no highwayman," I said. "Well, whatever you may be, you aided Robert Juggins in his peril, and 'twill be a sore pity if a worshipful alderman of the city may not see you through the scrutiny of a band of lazy bench-loungers."

"That is good hearing," I answered.

"Will they have your description?"

"I think not, but if they ask me to account for myself I shall be at fault. I am but lately landed from France, and I have no passport."

He pursed his lips once more in the quaint form of a low whistle.

"I begin to see. There is a foreign cut to your wig that I do not like," he commented. "However, we will brazen it out. Here they come."

The watchmen rounded the corner into the alley, lanterns swinging high, staves poised.

"Ho, knaves," proclaimed a pompous

voice, "stand and deliver yourselves to us."

"And who may you be?" demanded my friend.

"No friends to brawlers and disturbers of the peace, sirrah," replied the stoutest of the watchmen, stepping to the front of his fellows. "We are the duly constituted and appointed constables and watchmen of his honor the worshipful lord mayor."

"It would be nearer the truth to say that you are the properly constituted and habitual sleepers and time-servers of the city," snapped my companion. "Draw near, and examine me."

"Nay, sir," adjured the captain of the watch portentously, "do you approach and render yourselves to us. 'Tis not for lawbreakers to order the city's watchmen how they shall be apprehended."

"You fool," said my friend very pleasantly, "if you would only trust your eyes you would see a face you have many times seen before this—aye, and shall see again in the morn-

ing before the bench of sheriffs when you plead forgiveness for your dilatory performance of the duties intrusted to you."

My friend left my side and strode toward the captain of the watch, who gave back a pace or two until he felt the stomachs of his followers at his back.

"How, now," said he who had called himself Robert Juggins, "hold up that lantern, you sirrah, with the shaking arm. Look into my face, lazy dogs that you are. Post know me?" He poked his finger into the fat figure of the captain.

"Sure, you are Master Juggins," assented that official with sullen reluctance.

"And is an alderman of the city and a cupmate of the lord mayor and sheriffs and the warden of the Worshipful Company of Merchant Traders to the Western Plantations, on his way home from a meeting of his guild, within the city precincts—aye, in Mincing lane, under the shadow of Paul's—I say am I to be held up by cut-purses, stabbed in the arm, forced to defend my very life—and then denounced and threatened with arrest by the watchmen paid by the city to protect its citizens?"

"You stand here trying to prove 'tis I, and not they, who have sought to rob myself. Go to! Ye are worthless, and I shall see that the sheriffs and the magistrates at Bow Street know of it."

"But we will be after the scoundrels, worshipful Master Alderman," pleaded the captain. "Can you but give us a description of the knaves?"

"Shall I do your work for you?" replied Master Juggins in his delightful Dorset burr. "Zounds! How I liked the man with his broad humor, his ready courage and prompt good sense!"

"Nay, but—" "But me no buts. Be about your rounds. And if you see any hang-dog rogues or homeless knaves or masterless men, do you apprehend them for the night and lodge them in the Fleet. In the morning you may let me know

what you have done. I will then consider whether your belated efforts may overset your cowardice and laziness in the beginning."

"It shall be as you say, good Master Juggins," assented the captain meekly. "Which way went your assailants?"

"What? More questions?" exploded Master Juggins. "Nay, this is too much."

The watchmen turned in their tracks and herded out of the alley like bewildered cattle, all clumping boots, jingling staves, waving lanterns and jumbled wits. My savior removed his hat and mopped his brow with a white kerchief.

"So much for that," he remarked cheerfully. "Now—"

But he was interrupted from an unexpected quarter. The captain of the watch returned alone.

"I crave your pardon, Master Juggins," he began. "But we have been warned to keep a watch for a dangerous malefactor, an enemy of the state, one Ormerod, an emissary of the Pretender who is here on an errand against the crown."

Juggins favored me with a cursory glance of a somewhat peculiar nature. It was not exactly hostile, and yet much of the friendliness which had characterized his manner was gone.

I felt cold chills running down my back. Would he give me up? What right after all had I to expect better treatment from a total stranger, a man who had nothing to gain from shielding me?

"Go on," said Juggins coldly to the watchman, withdrawing his attention from me.

"Why, worshipful sir, there is no more to say. It is just that I thought, the attack being made upon you, a well-known citizen, it might have been—"

"And how should I know this person of whom you speak?"

"Why, sir, that I cannot—"

"Be about your duties, sirrah," interrupted Master Juggins, "and pester me no longer."

The captain stumped off to where his faithful band awaited him, the several curious-minded citizens who had listened to the altercation from the vantage-point of their bedroom windows retired to resume their slumbers, and Master Juggins strode back to my side.

"Is your name Ormerod?" he asked. "I am Harry Ormerod, once a captain of foot under the duke of Berwick; and I formerly had the honor to be chamberlain to the man whom some people call King James the Third."

"You are a rebel, a conspirator against the crown?"

"I do not expect you to believe me, of course," I answered as lightly as I could, "but I am not a rebel—in spirit or intent, at any rate—and I am not conspiring against the Crown at this moment—although I have done so in the past—and I am at this moment a fugitive from justice."

"Humph," said Master Juggins thoughtfully.

He stood there in the middle of the alley, caressing his shaven chin.

"Ormerod," he murmured, "Harry Ormerod. But surely—of course—why, you are Ormerod of Foxcroft in Dorset."

"I shook my head sadly.

"No, my friend; if you know that story you must know that I was Ormerod of Foxcroft house."

Master Juggins was suddenly all animation.

"I know it well," he returned. "You and Charles, your elder brother, were both out in the '19. Charles died in Scotland, and you escaped with the remnants of the expedition to France."

"And Foxcroft house was sequestered to the Crown," I amended bitterly.

"The Hampshire branch have it now," went on Master Juggins. "They looted it through the Pelhams."

"Yes, — them!"

Ormerod has known the ingratitude of princes, but he is to discover that gratitude is a quality that has not altogether disappeared from the earth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Franklin Would Have Put Maxims on Coins

The first third of the Nineteenth century was the heyday of Staffordshire ware decorated with pictures. And not the least interesting of this china was the series picturing maxims, proverbs and morals.

Of this didactic china many pieces carried reproductions of "Poor Richard's" sayings, which our great American, Benjamin Franklin, industriously circulated through his Poor Richard's Almanack for 25 years.

The Poor Richard maxims were very near to Franklin's heart, and he let no chance slip to get them into greater circulation. One of his projects—which, however, was not carried out—was to imprint on one side of the copper coins of the new American republic some proverbs of Solomon and other sayings encouraging thrift.

"Diligence is the mother of good luck," and "Plow deep while sluggards sleep" were among those he suggested. His practical and benevolent mind pictured how many a family would read and ponder his precepts as they gathered round the hearth.—The Antiquarian.

Ancient—but Up to Date

An ancient hostelry near Shaftesbury, England, is named "The Listen Inn."

The European cabbage butterfly was brought to the United States about the time of the Civil war.

HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "H. ALTH"

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CANCER RESEARCH

SO MUCH has appeared in newspapers and magazines in the last few years about cancer that the general reader is much in doubt whether anything of much importance has been added to our knowledge in this field.

In an article in a recent issue of the American Journal of Public Health, Dr. Francis Carter Wood, director of the Institute for Cancer Research, of Columbia university, summarizes what has been done in cancer research since the war.

Ever since the discovery of radium by Madame Curie this strange substance has been recognized as of great value in treating certain forms of cancer, especially skin cancer and those located superficially. But the scarcity and high price of radium made it difficult for most surgeons and hospitals to get enough for use.

During the war, the great demand for all kinds of radium material stimulated production and led to the discovery of large radium deposits in Africa, also to the development of better methods of treating low-grade radium ores. After the war was over, radium was much cheaper and more abundant, so that today many of our hospitals are provided with enough of this material for treatment, so our knowledge of the value of radium treatment in cancer is rapidly growing.

Another result of the war was that in Germany scientific men, being deprived of radium by the blockade, were forced to develop X-ray treatment and so greatly improve X-ray machines and methods in the treatment of cancer.

So the war greatly increased our knowledge of the treatment of cancer, both by radium and X-ray.

As far as knowledge of the cause of cancer is concerned, the most important advance is the work done by Gye and Barnard in London. Gye, a well-known microscopist, claimed to have found a very minute germ which he considers the cause of this disease. The story of the work is too long and technical to tell, but it can only be said that so far the work of Gye and Barnard is regarded by authorities as interesting, but not yet proven.

Perhaps the most promising advancement in the treatment of cancer is the work done by Prof. W. Blair Bell of Liverpool, on the use of lead in the treatment of all kinds of tumors. Lead in most forms is a dangerous poison. Blair has succeeded in making a form of lead which is non-poisonous to the healthy cells, but which collects in the tumor cells and poisons and destroys them. In 250 cases of persons who were considered hopeless, about one in five were apparently cured.

WHAT IS LIGHT?

UP TO recent years little has been known about the effect of light on life and living processes.

Naturally, investigation on the subject began with sunlight, as the light we get on this earth from the sun is the source of all other forms of light. So the first question asked was, "What is sunlight?"

Sunlight comes to the earth from the sun, which is approximately ninety-three million miles away. What is it and how does it travel this immense distance?

Sir Isaac Newton believed that light was a form of matter and that particles of light were transported from the sun to the earth. Since sunlight did not appear to be a continuous string of matter, it must be transported, he reasoned, in finely divided particles with spaces between the particles. So he called these particles corpuscles and his theory of light was called the corpuscular theory.

Newton's theory was the best that could be offered with what was then known about light, but today, with a much greater knowledge of electricity, visible and invisible light rays, wireless waves and other natural conditions, Newton's theory no longer fits the known facts, so it has been generally discarded by scientific men.

No one has as yet been able to work out a theory of light which fits all the known facts. There are today two theories of light, what is called the wave theory and what is known as the quantum theory.

To discuss these two theories in detail would fill many volumes. Most scientific men are agreed today that light is the vibration of electric waves at different degrees of speed; that light, electricity and heat are all different forms or results of these various degrees of vibrations and that visible light, which can be seen by the human eyes, forms a very small part of this vast field.

The limited amount of light or vibrations which we can see can be broken up by the spectrum into seven primary colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. Beyond the red rays are the rays which are too long to be seen by the eye and which produce heat. Beyond the violet rays are the so-called ultra-violet rays, which are too short to be seen by the eye, and beyond these and still shorter are the X-rays and others.

Small Girl's Lucky Day

Struck by a shifting engine, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gene Casnovitch of Sharpville, Pa., escaped injury or death when she was caught on the front step and carried fifty feet before the engine was stopped. Witnesses and members of the train crew looked under the engine for several minutes expecting to find the crushed body, before they saw her sitting on the step.

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